Royal Palm State Park

by John Dickinson Sherman

ROYAL PALM STATE PARK

ROSEATE SPOONBILL

SEMINOLE INDIAN

ROYAL PALM AND STRANGLING FIG

ROYAL Palm State park in Florida is a "thing of beauty" and "a joy forever." Paradise key is its old-time name. It is an island in the heart of the Everglades. From a biological view it is almost unique, in that it presents a remarkable example of a subtropical jungle within the United States in which primeval conditions of animal and plant life remain unchanged by man. In other Everglade keys and in keys along the Florida coast original conditions have been changed by forest fires, by the clearing of forests and by the digging of canals. Through these agencies the original physical conditions have been affected in various ways; moreover, aquatic animals and plants have invaded and found a foothold, Paradise key is also remarkable as a meeting place of many temperate and tropical animals and plants. It offers a virgin field for students of many branches of natural history.

And last—and not least—Paradise key does not "blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air." It is accessible to all nature-lovers and can be reached by automobile highways that run directly into the park.

Why, then is not Paradise key a national park? Perhaps it should be. Anyway, to the Florida State Federation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs is due the fact that Paradise key is now Royal Palm State park instead of merely Paradise key, an island in the Everglades. There has long been an appreciation of Paradise key by discriminating nature-lovers and spasmodic efforts had been made previous to 1915 to get the Florida legislature to set it aside as a state park. Then the federated club women of Florida took hold in earnest, under the leadership of Mrs. W. S. Jennings, president of the state federation. The club women made an aggressive campaign and in 1915 the legislature set aside the key, together with an adjacent area of swampland, as a public park. This, with an additional tract afterward donated, has received the name of Royal Palm State park. It contains about three square miles. The club women also erected a building and installed a park warden. The automobile highway from Homestead and Florida City to East Cape passes close to the park and a spur runs directly into the park.

Royal Palm State park lies in Dade county, about 37 miles directly southwest of Miami. Paradise key owes its preservation in primeval conditions to its isolation and to a deep nearby slough, which never becomes dry. Southern Florida, with an almost tropical climate, is sometimes subject in the winter months to severe storms from the north, in which the thermometer falls below the freezing point. That these occasional cold spells have not seriously injured the vegetation of Paradise key is shown by the presence in its flora of noble royal palms, tropical orchids, and other tender plants, and insects belonging to types essentially tropical. On the other hand many temperate species, both of plants and animals, extend their range southward to this region; although, as far at least as the animals are concerned, the temperate species are here represented by varieties or subspecies which take the place of the northern types.

The Everglades owe their characteristic features of marsh, sloughs, and shallow ponds, to their recent origin and their slight elevation above the sea level. Their general surface is not high enough to permit the formation of deep valleys by eroding streams; and the water appears to ooze slowly seaward, on the west side toward the southwest and on the east side toward the southeast.

Royal Palm State park of course takes its name from the royal palms (Roystonia regia) which possibly form its chief ornament. These splendid palms often rise to a height of 100 feet, dwarfing most of their competitors of the palm family. A worthy rival is the magnificent live oak (Quercus Virginiana), which sometimes spreads its moss-covered branches over an area 200 feet in diameter. In the way of curious forest growths is the poison tree (Metopium taxiferum), a giant sumach with a smooth spotted trunk; its sap acts very much on the human skin like the poison ivy of the north. Another tree to be catalogued among the curiosities is the strangling fig (Ficus aurea). It begins life somewhat like a mistletoe, sprouting from a tiny seed dropped on the limb of a tree. It soon sends down threads which take root when they reach the ground, and which grow together wherever they touch one another, forming a meshwork about the trunk of the host which is strangled to death. The photographs reproduced herewith shows a strangling fig embracing a cabbage palm.

The list of beautiful and interesting trees is long. Some of the more striking are the gumbolimbo (Elaphrium simaruba), called West Indian birch in the Antilles; satinleaf, which takes its name from the golden brown, satin-like lining of its leaves; the laurel-cherry of the West Indies; a beautiful mimosalike Lysolima, usually called wild tamarind, with fernlike foliage and smooth white trunk; the mastic tree, or wild olive; the bois-fidele (incorrectly translated "fiddle wood"), and the pigeon plum.

Of course, it is impossible here to catalogue the fauna and flora of Royal Palm State park. There are many very interesting specimens; some are found nowhere else in the United States. Northern eyes, for example, seldom see the jointed liana (Hippocratea volubilis) which is shown hanging along the trunk of the live oak in the photograph. It is one of nature's agents to keep the balance. It works its way to the crown of a tree and then covers it so thickly that its host is often crushed by its weight. It brings more trees to earth than storms or parasites.

The ferns are legion, and include Spanish moss, festooning the trees. Orchids, climbing plants that bloom, and flowers in great variety are everywhere.

There's the identical spider that spins webs from which silk is made. The moths and butterflies are many and beautiful. The zebra butterfly (Heliconius charitonius) is the only representative of its family in the United States; it has such an unpleasant taste that insectivorous birds will not eat it. The mosquitoes are many, but do not communicate disease to human beings.

The fishes are many and some of them are rare and curious. The big-mouthed bass (Microperus salmoides) here sometimes attains a weight of 20 and even 25 pounds. The mudfish is believed to survive periods of drought by burying itself in the mud. Yet local sportsmen say it is "one of the hardest fighters that ever took a hook." A mature female lenstfish is only an inch long and a male three-quarters of an inch. The killifish brings forth its young alive.

From the warden's lodge the alligator can be heard bellowing in the big slough. If you are enterprising you can dine on alligators' eggs; they're as good as turtles' eggs when fresh. Snakes there are in plenty—if you go looking for them—rattlesnakes too, and the water moccasin.

In birds the park is rich both because of its climate and because it is on the highway of migratory birds which spend their winters in the West Indies.

In southern Florida many well-known birds, as well as mammals, are represented by varieties or subspecies quite distinct from the typical forms occuring farther north. Thus we have the Florida quail, Florida crow, Florida wren, and the Florida cardinal, all of which are essentially Floridian, and the Florida wild turkey, which is fast disappearing. One of the most beautiful birds, a tropical species now fast disappearing from Florida and occurring nowhere else in the United States, except in Texas, is the roseate spoonbill (Ajaia ajaja).

The Seminole Indians of the Everglades are comparatively recent intruders, who retreated to the swamps from the lower Creek towns in the eighteenth century. Most of them have been transferred to Oklahoma. In the time of Columbus, the most important tribe of this region was the Calloosas; it was they who repelled Ponce de Leon in 1513. Very little is known about the aboriginal Indians. The Tequestas, who occupied the Everglades before the Seminoles, are described in the narrative of Jonathan Dickenson, who was shipwrecked in 1699 and became their captive.

The Mystery of Hartley House

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By CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

ISOBEL

Synopsis.—Dr. John Michelson, just beginning his career, becomes resident physician and companion of Homer Sidney at Hartley house. Mr. Sidney is an American, a semi-invalid, old and rich and very desirous to live. Mrs. Sidney is a Spanish woman, dignified and reticent. Jed, the butler, acts like a privileged member of the family. Hartley house is a fine old isolated country place, with a murder story, a "haunted pool," and many watchdogs, and an atmosphere of mystery. The "haunted pool" is where Richard Dobson, son of a former owner of Hartley house, had killed his brother, Arthur Dobson. Jed begins operations by locking the doctor in his room the very first night.

CHAPTER II.

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That evening I had dinner with Mrs. Sidney and her daughter Isobel. I had been in the house twenty-four hours and did not know there was a daughter until dinner brought the three of us together.

Mrs. Sidney was Spanish. She was a lovely woman, gracious and charming, but I thought there was a great deal of steel hidden in her disposition. She did not seem to ask that life be soft or to expect to find it so. She had a Roman dignity of self respect which did not, I could be sure, permit moaning. It would not have taxed any one's perceptions to recognize in Mrs. Sidney a human being living an extraordinary life. The fact was so apparent that it seemed a part of her personality.

It must be remembered that I had come to Hartley house prepared for abnormalities. There was first, the man with the wonderful will to live which had interested Dr. Brownell. There was the alien beauty of the house, the strange servant Jed, the haunted pool—insignificant as it was, to a rational being—the lovely woman who was so apparently a tragic figure. There was the fact of my being locked in my room the first night. There were the forbidding defences of the place—walls, dogs and keepers. I may be excused for taking a fanciful view of my new surroundings.

Then there was Miss Sidney—Isobel. She came into the dining room an unexpected if not astonishing phenomenon to me, who did not know that there was a daughter in the family.

Mrs. Sidney presented me.

"How do you do?" said Miss Sidney, and she seemed to find it tiresome that a stranger had taken a place at the table.

Jed served us, and the dinner was excellent. Although the ladies had only a glass of sherry each, I was offered a variety of liquors. My habit is abstemious except upon rare occasions, but I was so embarrassed by Miss Sidney's boredom that I took two glasses of champagne, and they made me a more tolerable dinner companion. It was some champagne stimulated remark on feminism which caused Miss Sidney to stare at me as if I were an animal which, being smooth skinned, suddenly had grown a coat of fur.

She stared for an instant and then laughed. She was quite frank. She had been bored; she had become interested. I could see that she distressed her mother. Mrs. Sidney, any one could know, held to conventions as the salvation of life; Miss Sidney did not.

Isobel Sidney was a very attractive girl. I guessed her age to be twenty-three. I also guessed that candor and honesty were outstanding points in her disposition. Her youth and her beauty were magnetic, and I must confess that my romanticism was touched instantly. I had seen just enough of Mr. Sidney to understand how this girl could be the daughter of Mrs. Sidney.

By the time dinner was over we had found a pleasant agreement in ideas and taste. I was in an ecstacy, full of the sensation which comes to a diffident man, unaccustomed to women, when he dares to think for the first

She Seemed to Find It Tiresome That a Stranger Had Taken a Place at the Table.

time that he has been interesting to a young and beautiful girl. It is one of the Elysian emotions. We grow old and bald, and women are adventures dismissed from our lives. We know we do not interest them. We do not think of interesting them. We become pantaloned lay-figures too scared of scandal or too confirmed in propriety to break out of the narrowed way. There is an age which comes to a man, a condition in which he finds himself, to which he submits if he have any morals, and when it comes and when he submits, the gates are closed upon fanciful, romantic adventures. If he has been fortunate, he is content. He sits at the west window, and his prospect is the sunset. He no longer asks the great question of youth: "Could I make that girl like me?"

To me, after that first dinner with Mrs. Sidney and her daughter, the ecstacy was a romantic folly. Isobel had captured me, my sense, my rationality, my judgment, my mind, fancy and emotions. Beauty and youth alone are enough to do this for an imaginative young man, and when attractive aspects of character are back of beauty and youth, and when the young man looks forward to a probability of that conquering circumstance, propinquity, he may be excused if his feet lightly touch the floor. I was captured and knew it after that first dinner—knew it, and both loved and dreaded it. I was about to make a fool of myself and be at once a happy and a miserable fool.

In the exalted state of egoistic emotions which I have outlined, I went to Mr. Sidney's room after dinner and sat with him for two hours. I began to appreciate how charmingly his life was decorated. A really rare subtlety of art was used to bring a warm color into this indomitable but feeble man's winter of life. I did not fully appreciate until later what thought and care lay behind the unstudied comforts and sensations Hartley house offered.

Mr. Sidney was white haired and very gracious. His manner was a warm cordiality. It was not precise. It was robust, but it was benignant. Later I saw how his presence pervaded the place.

We had a cheerful talk. What he said suggested to me that my world could not have been more than a hundred years old at the most, and that his included the period of inorganic evolution in which the period of organic evolution is but a pin prick. Youth is startled by such conceptions of life, but I had an interesting evening.

Before I said good night, Jed came in with two bottles of wine. He stood and looked at me unpleasantly. I arose to go, and Mr. Sidney said:

"I think we shall like each other. At least, I hope you will be comfortable, even happy. And don't be distressed about the wine. I don't drink it any more. Jed drinks it, and I enjoy seeing him do it."

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A whippoorwill was reiterant in the woods at night, and its call came from dark recesses odorous and mysteriously veiled. Having said good night to Mr. Sidney, I had gone to my room with a book from the library. The night was fresh, sweet-smelling and cool. I had read for several hours when I heard the cut bolt in my door thrown against the piece of metal which had been left in the socket.

There was no transom above the door, and evidently the threshold kept light from appearing beneath it. I had been reading, as I said, for three hours at least, and whoever tried to bolt me in had good reason to think I was asleep.

I knew who the person was. It was Jed. Knowing I was not locked in, I was undisturbed and continued reading.

Shortly afterward I heard a woman's voice in expostulation far down the hall. It arose abruptly to a sharp cry, and I had to lay aside my book and expose the fact that my door was not locked, a thing I had not wanted to do until the secret of its being locked could be discovered by revealing that it was not.

I hurried out and down the hall. Jed had a woman by the wrist. Both of them saw me coming. She released herself from his relaxing grip by a quick jerk and ran. He stood until I came up.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"What makes you think anything is the matter?" he asked.

"Don't take me for a fool," I said. "That was Mrs. Sidney who screamed. You were holding her. It seems to me it needs an explanation."

"Who are you that you need an explanation?" said Jed.

"You are drunk again."

"I know I am. If that's satisfactory to my employer, why should it bother you?"

"I doubt that it is satisfactory to your employer that you should be making his wife scream at midnight. Look here: you're a servant in this house. What have you to say for yourself? I'm going to have an explanation of this."

Jed had been surly and angry, but now he grinned.

"All right," he said, "but if you want to be decent about it, ask Mrs. Sidney first whether she wants your help and your asking. That's my advice, young fellow. And while we're asking, how did you get out of your room? You're not supposed to be out. We don't want people in this house running around the halls at this time of night."

"I opened the door and came out. Why shouldn't I come out. I heard a scream and came."

He looked at me as if he were doubting himself. I think he was uncertain whether he had thrown the bolt or not. It transpired later that I was right, but for the time I was worried.

When I went back to my room, I was restless, as one naturally would be, a stranger in so strange a house. It was impossible to sleep and difficult to read. I sat by the window and alternately dozed and read until day broke and the woodthrush began to sing. Then, quieted, I went to bed and had two hours' sleep.

I thought it wise to speak to Mrs. Sidney about the incident of the night. She had seen me, she knew I had talked to Jed, she might or might not know that I recognized her. I might add to her perplexities by speaking to her, but I might obtain an insight into matters which would enable me to act discreetly and usefully. If I remained ignorant of motives prevailing in the house, I might at any time blunder into a serious mistake. It seemed best to speak to Mrs. Sidney.

I could see when I spoke to her, she had been greatly disturbed, but she was Roman.

"It was nothing serious or important, doctor," she said. "I'll not say that it was pleasant or that I liked it, but it had no significance. Jed is a faithful and invaluable servant. He has a vice for which he is not responsible. He was a perfectly sober man when he came to us, and if he isn't now, it is our own fault. My husband corrupted him without intending to do so. My husband, when he was well and strong, loved to drink wine. He drank it in great quantities and without any disturbance of his sobriety or good nature. It mellowed and at the time intensified life for him. He cannot use it now, on account of his health, but he enjoys seeing the use of it, and

She Had Been Greatly Disturbed, but She Was Roman.

Jed has been made the victim of Mr. Sidney's vicarious enjoyment. Jed is not always considerate of his position when he is not sober, but he never is dangerous, not even when, like last night, he is exceedingly annoying."

I admired the lady's resolution and fortitude, but I did not think she was telling the truth—not all of it.

"That was the first time anything of the kind ever occurred," she said. "I am sorry it disturbed you. I met Jed in the hall. He was not sober, and he had a preposterous request to make. When he has spent such an evening with Mr. Sidney, he resents being a servant in the family. He wants to be accepted as a member of the family."

"I have had something to do with that," I suggested.

"No doubt it has inflamed his egotism to have you enter the family. The situation with him is difficult. His pride was hurting him last night. He had lost all sense of proportion. He was like a child. He remonstrated with me: he was too important as Mr. Sidney's crony to be merely our servant! It was only a drunken mood, but he forgot himself and grasped me by the wrist. I had been trying to control him and restore his common sense. Then I became indignant, and you heard my voice. I am afraid it was shrill, but I was not alarmed. I was merely indignant."

"You speak of Jed, Mrs. Sidney," I said, "as if he were merely an annoying alcoholic, tolerated when he is annoying, because of his general usefulness but that does not explain why he tries to lock me in my room while he is sober and before these disturbances begin. That shows design and intent to have a free hand when he makes the disturbance. I do not like being locked in my room."

"It is outrageous," said the lady nervously. "I did not know that it was done. I shall see that it is not repeated."

"I am not so sure you can," I said, "and I wish you would not try. I have protected myself against it, and I'd rather Jed did not give me any more thought than he thinks is necessary now."

"I am sure, doctor," said Mrs. Sidney, "that you will understand Jed and the situation better when you have been here longer. It may be annoying to you now, but we all here live for the pleasure and comfort of Mr. Sidney, who is worthy of all we can do for him. He did everything he could for us while he was active, and if thoughts would benefit us, he would be working for us now."

Mrs. Sidney was determined to protect the secret of the situation, and I had no right to cross examine her. The next time I went to town I bought myself a forty-five caliber pistol.

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Although I was prepared for recurrent disturbances, there were none. Within a week I had found my way into a pleasant routine. Jed seemed to be conscious that he had overstepped his bounds. He was not apparently contrite, but he was cautious.

A week was without incident. Then Miss Sidney went away to make a visit. Her absence was a spiritual disaster. Ecstatic and morose youth! The beauty of Hartley house became a hollow and dark melancholy, making sad sounds. Vibrant life had gone from it. Its perfume was lost.

I cannot now tell quite what it was that made Hartley house, a place so comfortable and genial, at the same time a place so threatened. The threat could not be ignored: it was there. The story of the ghost at the haunted pool could have nothing to do with it. The threat had tangible aspects. Mrs. Sidney's worry, unspoken but graven in her resolutely Roman face, was one evidence. The extraordinary behavior of Jed was another. The atmosphere of the place was one of mystery.

During the pleasant, peaceful, odorous summer months, when our life was one of undisturbed routine, I never escaped the sense of dread. I hoped the intangible would take shape; surely something intangible that would be embodied, hung over the house.

I may not be able to make this certainty appear so vividly to you as it did to me. It permeated; it was in the atmosphere; it hung over the woods it filled the house. It came with the odors of blossoms; it was expressed in the summer winds; it was threatened in the lightning which flashed over the river. I could not reconcile this effect to such a cause as that feeble ghost story of the pool. I could not dread that ghost or feel its presence. It was a benevolent ghost needed for decoration.

I asked the people of the house, the servants, and found that for them it was largely a superstition. They all had been brought from the city, and only a few, such as Jed, a gardener, the housekeeper and the cook had been long enough in the house really to be associated with it.

Jed was the only one that willingly would be in the vicinity of the pool at night. The others might laugh at the suggestion of terror, but they would not willingly test their superiority to superstition. If they had been really frightened, they could not have been kept in service. They were not. The place was large, comfortably inhabited and genial. There was a touch of dread at one spot. They avoided the spot, and it was negligible so long as they did avoid it.

In the small town of Hartley there was more of the legend than there was at Hartley house. To the people who lived at a distance and came in contact with the place only on occasions, it had an alien, exotic air. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney had come from South America, from Montevideo, where they had lived many years. The circumstances of their selection and purchase of the place were normal, but the villagers spiced a great deal of gossip with notions of the alienism, wealth, aloofness and odd habits, concerning which gossip ran from our servants to the Hartley householders.

I have mentioned that my first morning at Hartley house a gardener asked me to see one of his children, which had a bad cough. The man had a good deal of sickness in his family in the next few months, and I was of considerable service.

"I shall not hesitate to kill you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAVAGES WORE BODY ARMOR

Gilbert Islanders Used That Form of Protection, but It Was Limited to Leaders.

Only one tribe in the South Pacific Islands ever rose to the height of inventing armor to be used in their warfare. But even this tribe, the Gilbert Islanders, turned out only a few suits, owing to the work entailed in the manufacture. Francis Dickie says, in the Scientific American, that the suits were limited in number, and that every village was the proud possessor of one. At the outbreak of a conflict between villages, not all the inhabitants went to war, but the most doughty warrior was dressed in the village armor and sent against the champion of the rival place.

The brown-colored fabric covering the body and legs, which formed the Gilberts' armor, was made out of coir string taken from the husk of the coconut, so closely woven as to make a protection stronger than board, and having greater lightness to recommend it. A further breastplate, invulnerable to any native weapon, was made from the dried skin of the stingaree, or ray fish, which dried as hard as metal.

In the last few years peace has settled over the Gilberts and the armor has ceased to be manufactured. The few suits in existence have all been seized by collectors of rare articles.

Diamond Thieves Easily Detected.

Diamond stealing in the South African mines is becoming precarious business. The blacks still swallow them or hide them in self-inflicted wounds, but these methods no longer suffice. Coolidge X-ray tubes are so mounted in a frame as to illuminate the whole body of the stripped native standing before them. The entire body of the hundreds of miners can thus be brought into view in the fluoroscope in a few seconds, and any diamond present, even if behind thick bones, is quickly detected. The glow of the diamond under the X-rays, as well as its dense opaqueness, aids in detection, it is said.

Shakespeare as Poacher.

In the description of the amenities of the Shakespeare hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, which was recently put up at auction, the story is revived that Shakespeare came before Sir Thomas Lucy on a charge of stealing deer from Charlcote park. The charge is open to the comment that in the time of Elizabeth there was no deer park at Charlcote. To this it is retorted that deer were to be found in many parks not described as deer parks. As to all which it may be suggested that Shakespeare may have been brought before Lucy for stealing any deer within his jurisdiction.

Safeguarding the Goat.

In Switzerland the goat is placed ahead of all other animals. If a boy plagues a goat he can be fined and sent to prison. If a person meets a goat on a path and drives him aside he can be arrested. If a goat enters the yard of a person not his owner, and is hit, the person guilty must pay a fine.

Moving Telephone Pole

To accommodate the building of a highway between two eastern cities the local telephone company recently performed the remarkable feat of moving its entire pole line of 430 poles ten feet to one side without cutting a circuit or interrupting service on any of the wires. The work was done by six men in two gangs, with five pole jacks for lifting the poles from their holes, says Popular Mechanics. It was started by raising the first five poles one foot, then going back and raising the first four another foot, and the first three another, and then the first two a total of four feet. Finally the first pole was lifted clear of the ground and railroaded over to the new hole prepared for it by sliding it on a ten-foot oak plank.

Burritt's Remarkable Record.

"Learned Blacksmith" was the epithet bestowed upon Elihu Burritt, the American reformer, author and linguist, who lived from 1810 to 1879. He began his career as a blacksmith about 1827, and worked at that trade for many years, during which time he made himself proficient in numerous ancient and modern languages. According to Mathews' "Getting On in the World," Elihu Burritt acquired a mastery of 18 languages and 22 dialects, "not by rare genius, which he disclaimed, but by improving the bits and fragments of time which he could steal from his occupation as a blacksmith."

ROMANTIC BOHEMIA

All Bohemia is a land of romance. In the hills and mountains there are picturesque castles perched upon the craggy mountains or concealed cleverly in rocky clefts. The very name Bohemia is associated with wild and wonderful legends of the rude barbaric ages. It has been the battleground of nations. Today it is the land of story and legend, as in the olden days it was the land of loyal knights and robber barons.—Youth's Companion.

Banana Fallacy

It is the popular idea that bananas are far richer in nutriment than any other sort of fruit, and it has even been said that one could maintain life on bananas alone. Now, as a matter of fact, bananas are not so very much more nourishing than any other fruit. At the present price we have to pay they are less valuable as a food. According to a table on the comparative cost of total nutrients and energy in fruits published a year ago—and bananas are more expensive now than then—you can get 1,467 calories of energy for ten cents when you buy apples and only 429 when you buy bananas, and for ten cents you get almost as much carbohydrates, or sugar, in apples as in bananas. So much for the banana fallacy.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says many a young man with a fine future has used most of it up admirin' its possibilities.

VIENNA WAITERS ARE JOBLESS

Professional Cooks Also Regarded as "Superfluities" in Austrian Capital.

Vienna.—Aristocratic Vienna, once famed for its chefs, now offers small opportunities for the display of gastronomic art.

Professional cooks are regarded as "superfluities," as are also an army of waiters, all jobless and forlorn.

Many hundreds of Austrians who were interned in England during the war returned here to find they could get no work to do. By far the greater number are waiters. They are in a desperate plight.

Owing to the great increase in the cost of living there has been a great diminution in the number of those who were wont to patronize hotels and restaurants.

He Owns a River.

Harrodsburg, Ky.—Jim Wilson of Bohn Park owns a river and didn't know it until about three acres of his land tumbled into a subterranean stream. Wilson is making the best of the mishap and will sink a pump. The municipal authorities are considering using the river water as a source of supply for the town.

No Harps and Viols for Her.

Princeton, Ind.—Mrs. Johanna Tibbets wants band music at her funeral. "I like band music," she says, "and I like it loud." She has just celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday.

FEEL NEED OF GRUMBLING

Complaints Absolutely a Source of Enjoyment to Great Mass of Human Beings.

One is as likely to grumble against the people one injures as against the people who injure one. One has to grumble at something or other. A man who can find nothing to complain about simply does not know how to enjoy himself, the New Statesman (London) observes.

Now wouldn't your life be exceedingly flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at?

That is why people like to read letters in the paper, and also helps to explain the huge circulation of one of the notorious weekly papers. The editor was clever enough to see that most people dearly love their grievances, and that if you give them a platform for their grievances you will sell more copies than if you give them only a platform for your own ideals.

We do not mean to say that the mass of human beings are devoid of ideals, but we fear that on ordinary occasions they are a great deal more interested in their complaints. It is just the same with regard to their health. They are much less likely to boast how well they are feeling than how ill they are feeling. A liver complaint means far more to a man than the best digestion. If you allow him he will describe his symptoms—the taste in his mouth, the sudden loss of vision, and what happens if he eats stewed plums. And he tells you all this not in humility but with the vanity of a peacock.

The vanity of an invalid far surpasses any vanity known in healthy men and women. This is, perhaps, one of the compensations of ill health. It gives one something to complain about.